

**MARVEL**  
LIMITED SERIES

5 of 5

**DYNAMITE**  
ENTERTAINMENT

# MARVEL ZOMBIES

VS. ARMY OF DARKNESS™



DIRECT EDITION

**PARENTAL ADVISORY**



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*Supernatural*

# PREVIOUSLY



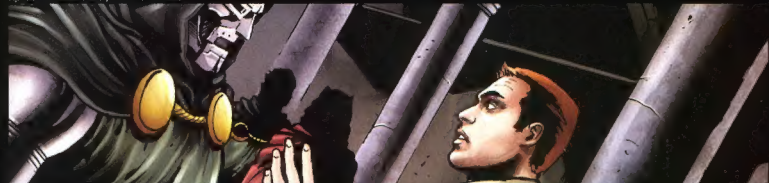
**MEET ASHLEY J. WILLIAMS**—RETAIL CLERK TURNED DIMENSION-HOPPING ADVENTURER AND HERO. ASH SPENDS MOST OF HIS TIME FIGHTING A VERITABLE ARMY OF DARKNESS COMPOSED OF THE TERRIFYING CREATURES KNOWN AS DEADITES, UNDER THE FOUL COMMAND OF THE NECRONOMICON (THE BOOK OF THE DEAD), BUT THE LAST THING ASH REMEMBERS NOW IS BEING DEAD HIMSELF—AND IN WHAT MIGHT HAVE BEEN HEAVEN—CONFRONTING A HORRIFIC, ZOMBIFIED CREATURE IN YELLOW TIGHTS...THAT PUNCHED HIM INTO A DIFFERENT UNIVERSE.



**UPON LANDING IN THIS WORLD, ASH LEARNS THAT LOTS OF PEOPLE HERE WEAR TIGHTS...AND HAVE SUPER POWERS...AND FIGHT CRIME...IT'S BASICALLY A WORLD OF BIZARRE MARVELS. THAT IS, UNTIL THE GUY IN THE YELLOW TIGHTS SHOWS UP, ALL UNDEAD, AND STARTS BITING THE OTHER GUYS IN TIGHTS AND TURNING THEM INTO ZOMBIES. AFTER RUNNING INTO A FEW UNINFECTED HEROES, ASH SEES FIRSTHAND HOW CRAZY THIS WORLD WAS BEFORE THERE WERE ANY ZOMBIES.**



**JUST WHEN HE'S ABOUT TO GIVE UP HOPE OF FINDING HELP, HE RUNS INTO A PAIR OF HEROINES NAMED DAZZLER AND THE SCARLET WITCH. AFTER TRAVELING TO LATVERIA IN SEARCH OF THE NECRONOMICON—WHICH THEY FALSELY BELIEVE IS RESPONSIBLE FOR THIS ZOMBIE PLAGUE—OUR HEROES ARE SOON "GREETED" BY ITS RULING MONARCH, DOCTOR DOOM!**



**LEARNING THE WORLD MAY BE BEYOND SAVING, ASH RESCUES DOOM'S PRISONER—THE BEAUTIFUL ENCHANTRESS—AND ENLISTS HER AID IN HIS QUEST. UNFORTUNATELY FOR ASH, HE MAY HAVE JUST UNWITTINGLY GIVEN HIMSELF OVER TO...**



## ...THE MARVEL ZOMBIES!

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What Ash  
thinks it is:

Ashley  
Williams...

Come  
to me...

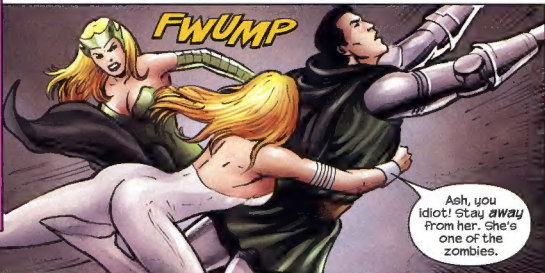
Love  
me...



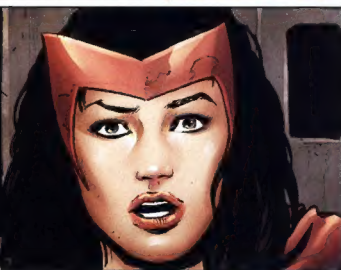
Versus  
what it is:

Feed  
me.















Of course, this would not have been necessary if you hadn't so *foolishly* released the infected Amora.

Hey, wait a minute! She looked normal to me! How was I to know she had some man-chanting mojo power?!

Very true...but I can think of at least one way to ensure you do not *vex* me again with your impudence and *ignorance*.



Bring it on, tin pants!

Enough, Victor...no more killing!



You presume to give *Doom* orders? Foolish woman, do you imagine I do not know who *freed* this reckless dolt from his confines?

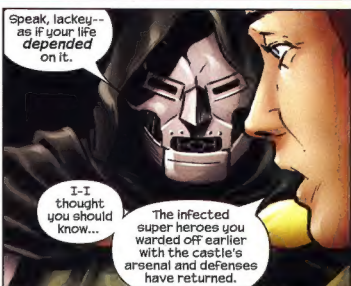
Stay your tongue, Scarlet Witch, lest you inflame my wrath as well. In the grand scheme of things, you are as irrelevant as he.



My lord!

You dare-- interrupt Doom?!

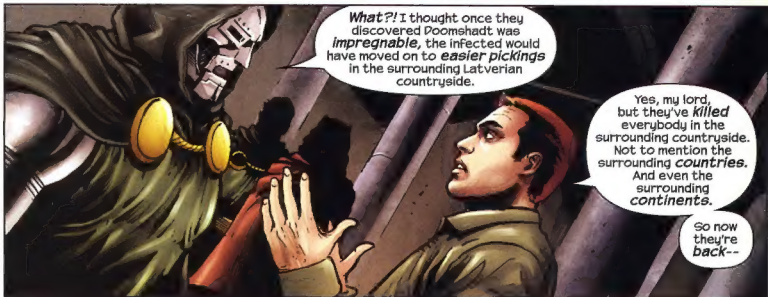
Is everyone so deep in the grip of fear from cannibal zombies that they risk awakening the terrible fury of the Lord of Latveria?!



Speak, lackey-- as if your life *depended* on it.

I-I thought you should know...

The infected super heroes you warded off earlier with the castle's arsenal and defenses have returned.



*What?!* I thought once they discovered Doomstadt was *impregnable*, the infected would have moved on to *easier pickings* in the surrounding Latverian countryside.

Yes, my lord, but they've *killed* everybody in the surrounding countryside. Not to mention the surrounding *countries*. And even the surrounding *continents*.

So now they're *back*--

MARVEL COMICS  
PRESENTS  
A DYNAMITE  
ENTERTAINMENT  
PRODUCTION!

# MARVEL ZOMBIES VS. THE ARMY OF DARKNESS

PART 5 OF 5:

# THE STALKING DEAD

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"--and they've  
brought friends."







**KAWO OMMM**

I thought  
you said this  
castle was  
impregnable,  
chief.

There are  
degrees of  
impregnable,  
cretin!

**BWOOMMM**



Good news, Doom. We've decided to let you live. Of course, by "live," we mean we're going to kill you, and let you join our ranks.

But any **non-powered** humans you have hanging around are going to end up in the feeding trough.

Especially all those **Latverian refugees** you've got stashed away.

Refugees? How did you--

Blast you, **McCoy...and Xavier.**

Oh, to the contrary--not Xavier. Very early during the onset of the epidemic, the good Professor made the mistake of being too darn delicious.

Therefore--

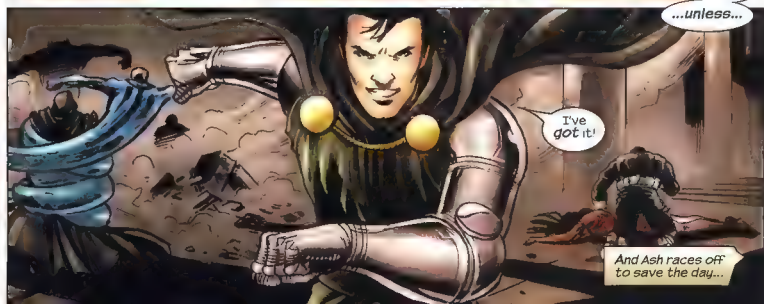
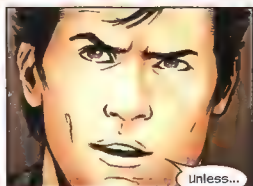
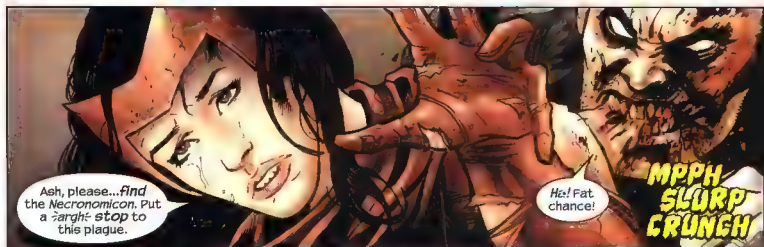
--I brought **another** big brain into the mix.

Elementary.

Live homo sapiens are in **incontrovertibly** short supply, so it was incumbent upon us to reprogram Cerebro to hone in on their location. An effortless endeavor, actually, for a pair of astonishingly advanced eggheds such as myself and my fine compatriot.

Richards!  
**Nooooo!!!**







...but not before  
an outfit change.

**KAWHAM**



You and me,  
'Nomicon. We  
gotta talk!

"Talk"? Nothing  
would amuse me more,  
to hear the last pathetic  
mawlings of the failed  
chosen One, moments  
before he meets his  
grisly demise.



Your wretched  
end is near, Williams, and  
there is no amount of  
begging and groveling you  
can do to persuade me  
to end the suffering and  
torment that is to  
be your ultimate  
fate.

I think you  
got the wrong idea  
about exactly which  
one of us is gonna  
be doing the  
begging.



You told me *before*--  
the zombie plague is a  
pandimensional *virus*.  
It doesn't just infect  
humans. And when the  
zombies finally get to  
me...they're gonna  
be munchin' on  
you, too.

What--what  
*madness* do you  
speak? What would  
cannibal zombies  
want of me--  
a book?

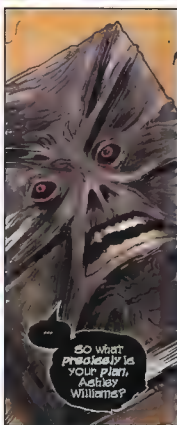


Listen up, kemo-sabe, I've seen  
robots infected, mutants, outer  
space aliens, mythological gods,  
anthropomorphized ducks...all  
sorts of non-humans.

You're a *sentient*  
book, written in *human*  
blood, which--as far as I  
can tell--makes you as  
likely a target as me,  
or any of the rest  
of 'em.

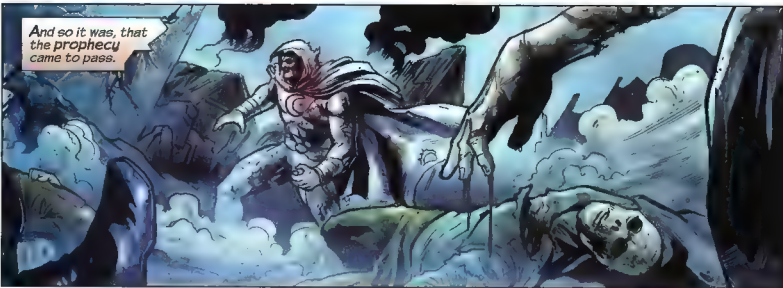
You wanna take  
a chance that you *won't*  
end up the *second*  
course when the zombies  
come around to fill up  
on *corned-beef*  
Ash?

I...I...




So what  
precisely is  
your plan,  
Ashley  
Williams?







And so it was, that  
the prophecy  
came to pass.



With the end of the  
world at hand, an army  
of the dead did rise.



Fueled by the dark  
power of the Necronomicon,  
driven by hate, the millions  
of souls slaughtered by the  
infected zombies returned...  
seeking vengeance.



The angry dead.



The evil dead.



A Deadite  
legion.



An Army of  
Darkness.

And the Army of Darkness rose against the infected zombie multitudes, the former heroes and villains of this world, with all their strange, amazing and marvelous super powers.



Of course, against all those strange, amazing and marvelous powers, the Deadites didn't really have a chance.



But that didn't matter, because the Army of Darkness served its purpose, distracting the zombie horde, even momentarily, from its insatiable hunger--



--and giving the few survivors left something they desperately needed...



A way out of here? Where?

Time.



Come with me, all of you... I'm rescuing you.





This way.  
Hurry!

What do you mean,  
"interdimensional  
transporter"?

Doom was not  
just a sorcerer and  
a despot. He was one  
of the keenest  
scientific minds on the  
planet. He'd created  
the transporter some  
time ago, planning to  
eventually expand his  
dominion beyond  
time and reality.

I'd transport  
us myself, but I am  
far too weak at the  
moment, after using  
my power to  
reanimate all those  
corpses.

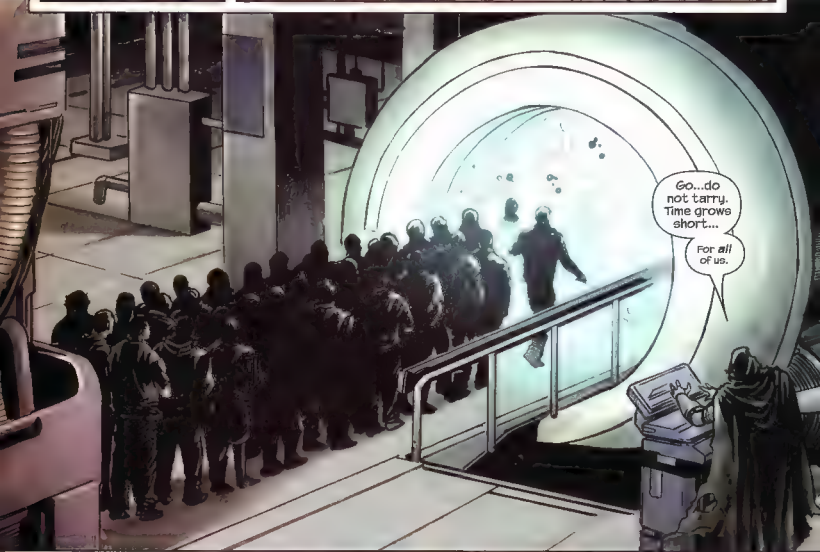
Why didn't you  
just teleport us in  
the first place,  
instead of raising an  
army of Peadites?

You  
didn't  
ask.

Now be quiet...  
the transporter is  
in the room up ahead,  
and, by the sound  
of it, already  
operational.



VZZZZZZZZZZZZ



Go...do  
not tarry.  
Time grows  
short...

For all  
of us.



Huh?

Doom's still  
alive--and  
porting away  
those Latverian  
refugees.



Though maybe  
"alive" is a bit of an  
overstatement.



No, Ashley Williams... I have been bitten. But the infection has not taken hold... yet.

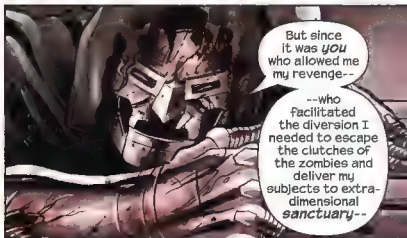
And while I am still myself, I will *have* my revenge on Richards, and *deny* him and his grotesque cadre the *sustenance* they so desperately crave.



The hunger is growing...

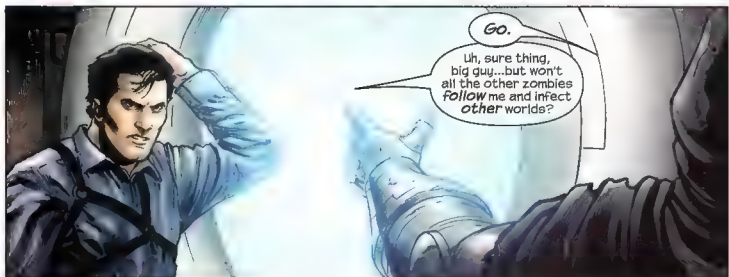
...the change... is coming.

I should eat you, Ashley Williams.



But since it was *you* who allowed me my revenge--

--who facilitated the diversion I needed to escape the clutches of the zombies and deliver my subjects to extra-dimensional sanctuary--



Go.

Uh, sure thing, big guy...but won't all the other zombies follow me and infect other worlds?



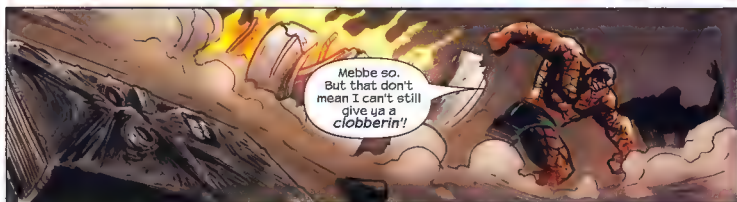
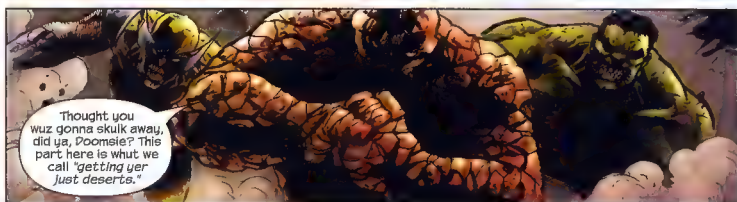
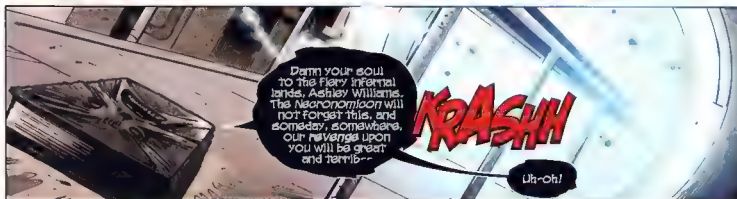
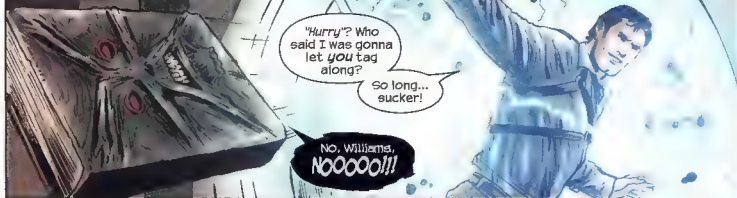
They cannot follow you. The portal is programmed to reset every five seconds, randomly switching between parallel worlds, different dimensions, timelines and probabilities.

Furthermore, I will destroy the apparatus after you transport. You will have a limited amount of time thereafter to settle on a preferred dimension.

Just send me to a world with *NO* damn zombies, okay?

And hurry! I can sense the zombie mob's approach.







And  
what have  
we here?

Understand me,  
desolator. For I am  
the feared and feared  
Necronomicon, with a  
power too terrible for  
you to even begin to  
comprehend.

Death is my  
dominion, and I've  
a host of Deadites  
compse to serve my  
every command.



Oh, so *you're* responsible  
for that undead army? I got  
news for you, pal, they tried  
their best, and it wasn't  
good enough--not by  
a long shot.

Hmph.  
Well...

Be that as it may,  
if you have designs on  
eating me, I believe  
you will find my pages  
to be most  
unpalatable.



What?! *Eat*  
you?! What are  
you *talking*  
about?!

You're  
a book.

But  
Williams  
told me--

Sounds like  
you been hoodwinked,  
bub. Bamboozled.  
Filmflammed. *Nobody*  
wants to eat  
a book.

Wha--P!?



Here ya go,  
greenie.

Wh-what  
are you going  
to do with  
me?

Well,  
we may be  
zombies--

--but we  
*still* need  
toilet  
paper.



Zombie  
Huik eat  
lots.

And Zombie  
Huik need *lots*  
of toilet  
paper.

Noooooooooooo!!!!













Nuts.



"Poit"??



Thanks  
for *nothing*,  
Doom.

Couldn't I have  
at *least* gotten  
to the multiverse of  
naked supermodels  
before your crappy  
interdimensional  
portal timed-  
out?

No, of  
course not.  
Instead, I gotta  
be dumped into  
a universe  
full of--



--them.

SNFF  
SNFF

Good  
news,  
fellas.



No duh, Werewolverine.  
You think you're the *only*  
one here with heightened  
animal senses?

We can *all*  
smell fresh meat.  
And we all know  
that that  
*means*--



IT'S  
FEEDING  
TIME,  
BOYS!!

OH NOOOOOOO

And so on...

FIN?



A Green Giant scan



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